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Publisher DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Job
work of all kinds, executed on short
notice with neatness and dispatch.

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various Goods, Ready made Clothing, Hats, Caps,
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Lamb and all kinds of meat. Temple's
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Keeps the largest and best assortment
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Satisfaction given as to quality and
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Jeweler. Watches, Clocks and Jewel-
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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office over Goit & Castle's. Orders
left on slate will receive prompt at-
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HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND
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Office over Norton's store, Main St.,
Mexico. Office hours 9 to 10
A.M., and 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 P.M. All
calls will receive prompt attention.

G. A. PENFIELD,
MANUFACTURER OF
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Covered or Open Brewster Buggies, or
Road Wagons. Repairing done on
the shortest notice. 48

B. S. STONE & CO.,
DEALERS IN
General Hardware, Stores, Tin, Copper
and sheet-iron ware. Agents for
Oliver's Patent Chilled and Lawrence
& Chapin's Diamond Iron Plows.
Main street, Mexico, N.Y. 71

H. H. DOBSON,



Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for ex-
tracting teeth without pain, always on
hand. All work warranted at the low-
est living prices. Office over H. C.
Peck's store, Mexico, N.Y. 34

MANUAL ALPHABET AND CALL-
ING CARDS COMBINED.

We have on hand for Deaf-mutes or
others so desiring, calling cards of any
size or quality, having on the reverse
side the Manual Alphabet, which many
people would be pleased to learn.

PRICE LIST.

25 Cards, with name, 25 cents.
50 " " " 50 "
100 " " " \$1.00

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Designer and Engraver on wood,
169 Elm Street, CINCINNATI, O.
Make a specialty of the Deaf-Mute Alpha-
bet, Monograms, Signatures, etc., etc.

SUBSCRIBE for the DEAF-MUTES' JOUR-
NAL—Only \$1.50 a year.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VII.

POETRY.

AN APPEAL FOR THE DEAF-MUTE.

DEAF! Not a murmur or a loving word
Can ever reach his ear. The raging sea,
The pealing thunder, and the cannon's roar
To him are silent—silent as the grave.

Not quite; for, even, when God takes away

He gives in other shape. The tramp of feet,
The crash of falling things, the waves of sound
Strike on a deaf man's feelings with a force

To us unknown. Vibrations of the air

Play through his frame, on sympathetic nerves,
Like fine-string instruments of varied tone.

DUMB! Not a murmur or a loving word
Can ever pass his lip. The cry of rage,
The voice of friendship, and the words of love
Freeze on his tongue, so impotent of sound.

But deem not that intelligence is null

In that doomed mortal. Gaze upon his eye—
A speaking eye!—an eye that seems to hear
E'en by observing, and that gathers more

From flickering lights and shadows of a face

Than dullest minds can gain from spoken words.

The age of miracles hath past; but man
Can summon art and science to his aid,
And cause the faculties of sight and touch
To act imperfectly for speech and ear.

The deaf-mute seems by Nature formed to be
A delicate artisan, and skilled

In subtle operations of the hand.

He can be taught to read, and thus to learn
the story of the Present or the Past,

Or by quick signs to share his innocent thoughts

Chiefly for those whom he yearns most,
His fellow sufferers! Nay, it sometimes happens

That men, like Kitto, rost of sense twain,

Have, by their love, electrified the world,

And won the crown of literary fame.

Spare not your gifts, ye wealthy of the land,

To these afflicted brethren. Ye to whom

Heav'n grants that sweetest of all blessings, health

And the joys eyes of each corporeal sense,

Aid those to whom these blessings are denied,

And shed some sunshine o'er their gloomy lives.

Let us all tread, as closely as we can,

In the best footprints of that Holy One

Who went about, forever doing good,

Making the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear.

STORY TELLER.

MRS. GAY'S PRESCRIPTION.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

these heaps of fall work to do first, and
it will cost an immense sum to send us,
and I don't know what is to become
of me."

Here Mrs. Bennet stopped for
breath, and Mrs. Gay asked briskly,
"What is the matter with you and the
children?"

"Well, baby is having a hard time
with his teeth and is cranky. Polly
doesn't get over scarlet fever well, and
I'm used up; no strength or appetite,

pain in my side and low spirits. Entire
change of scene, milder climate, and
less work for me, is what we want,

says the doctor. John is very anxious
about us, and I feel regularly dis-
couraged."

"I'll spend the day and cheer you
up a bit. You just rest and get ready
for a new start to-morrow; it is a sav-
ing of time to stop short now and then
and see where to begin next. Bring
me the most pressing job of work.
I can see and say to this little

"As she spoke, off went Mrs. Gay's
bonnet, and by the time her hostess
returned with the overflowing work-
basket the energetic lady had put a
match to the ready-laid fire on the
hearth, rolled up a couch, and easy
chair, planted baby on the rug with a
bunch of keys to play with, and sat
down to stitching, smiling herself, as if
she mothers should make it the study
of our lives to keep home healthy and
happy for our boys and girls, no matter
how much we sacrifice show and
fashion. Come, now, try it for a
month, and see if you don't all feel
better for enjoying the best and sun-
ny side of life."

"It is lucky we seldom have guests
to sleep in winter, for that north room
isn't at all my ideal of a best chamber,
though we have put some of my pret-
ty things there. I feel like company
myself in here, and John won't know
what to do with so much space. I've
kept him cramped so long. It does
seem a shame to shut up this big room
and not enjoy it. Mary, I have been a
goose, and I'm glad you came and told
me so."

Contented with that confession, Mrs.
Gay kissed her convert, and leaving
Biddy to finish off, she took her de-
parture, with many last injunctions
about "air, oatmeal, brown bread, and
sunshine."

When Mr. Bennet and the boys, who
had been enjoying a holiday, came
home to tea, amazement fell upon them
at the sight of mamma and the babies
waiting in the new sitting-room, with
the announcement that there was not
going to be any best parlor any more.

When the events of the day had been
explained and discussed, a sort of ju-
bilee ensued; for all felt that a pleasant
change in the domestic atmosphere
had taken place, and all enjoyed it im-
mensely. Mrs. Bennet played and the
boys and Polly danced and papa frolicked
with baby, who forgot his teeth
and crowded gaily till bedtime.

Of course Mr. Bennet had his joke
about women's notions, and his doubts
as to the success of the plan, but anything
that cheered up his wife pleased him,
for his heart sank at the thought of
home without her, and Florida was
most distasteful idea to him. He ex-
pressed much satisfaction at his im-
proved quarters, however, and that re-
paid Mrs. Bennet for the sacrifice she
had made, though he, being a man,
could never know how great a one it
was.

"It will approve; men always like
to have things bright and roomy and
nice about them. I've been through it
and I know, for when we kept in
two rooms we got careless and nar-
row and low spirited. Now we live
all over the house, and keep every-
thing as bright and pretty and nice as
we can. George does not shut him-
self up in his untidy den, but stays
with me and people drop in, and we
have a social, happy time of it, all en-
joying our good things freely together,
and feeling the worth of them."

"How do we begin?" asked Mrs.
Bennet, fired with the spirit of equipa-
tion now that the first shock was over
for John did shut himself up because
the dining-room was so full of an even-
ing with two tumultuous boys, and the
little woman wanted to see her hus-
band during the only leisure hour she
had out of the twenty-four.

"I should just move all the delicate
things into the little library there out
of the way of the children. That
room is rather bare, and they will make
it more attractive. Leave the pic-
tures; they are safe, and it is good to
have pretty objects for your eyes to rest
upon. Put the covers on to your furni-
ture, a large drugged over your carpet,
and take that other bay-win-
dow for Polly and baby's play corner.

"It is sunny and snug, and looking out
it always amuses them; and at night
you can just drop the curtains before
the charm, and tire paper found it so
attractive that he deserted the library
set apart for him, and spent his even-
ings in the bosom of his family, to his
wife's great delight.

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they will bloom if you give them a
chance."

"I never thought of that. I'm sure
I would do anything to see them well
and hearty, but it does seem a pity to
spoil my nice parlor. Wouldn't the
best chamber overhead do as well?"

"I want that, too, for your bed-room,
and the little one at the side for the
children. You use the back chamber
now, and have the cribs there also,
don't you?"

"Yes. My patience! Mary, would
you have me turn my house upside
down just for little more sun?"

"Do you love your best rooms bet-
ter than your children? Hadn't you
rather see them spoilt by daily use
than empty and neat, because the lit-
tle busy feet were gone never to come
back? I'm in earnest, Lizzie, and I
know you will agree with me when
you think it over. My own dear little
boy was killed by my ignorance, and I
have learned by sad experience that
we mothers should make it the study
of our lives to keep home healthy and
happy for our boys and girls, no matter
how much we sacrifice show and
fashion. Come, now, try it for a
month, and see if you don't all feel
better for enjoying the best and sun-
ny side of life."

"I'll spend the day and cheer you
up a bit. You just rest and get ready
for a new start to-morrow; it is a sav-
ing of time to stop short now and then
and see where to begin next. Bring
me the most pressing job of work.
I can see and say to this little

"As she spoke, off went Mrs. Gay's
bonnet, and by the time her hostess
returned with the overflowing work-
basket the energetic lady had put a
match to the ready-laid fire on the
hearth, rolled up a couch, and easy
chair, planted baby on the rug with a
bunch of keys to play with, and sat
down to stitching, smiling herself, as if
she mothers should make it the study
of our lives to keep home healthy and
happy for our boys and girls, no matter
how much we sacrifice show and
fashion. Come, now, try it for a
month, and see if you don't all feel
better for enjoying the best and sun-
ny side of life."

"I'll try it!" she said, feeling that it
was a heroic thing to give up all her
cherished ideas and put her Sunday-
best things into everyday wear. But
Mrs. Gay's words touched and started
her, and with a self-reproachful
pang she resolved that it should never
be said she loved her plants more

"Tot's frocks and Polly's aprons are
the things I'm most hurried about;
they need so many, I do like my chil-
dren to look nice among strangers,"
began Mrs. Bennet, unrolling yards
upon yards of ruffling for the white
frocks and pinafores, with glances of
despair at the sewing-machine, whose
click had grown detestable to her ear.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCT. 10, 1878.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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If not paid within six months, 2.50
These prices are negotiable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.

25¢ Terms, cash in advance.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

DECAPITATIONS.

The western and southern institutions for deaf-mutes have of late been especially notorious for charges, investigations, and change of personnel.

Among the latest we note the retirement of Superintendent Talbot, a veteran in the profession, from the Iowa Institution, and the resignation of most of his teachers—the old and valuable among them. Cause: A species of economy that seems to be a growing fashion, and is about as sensible and necessary as the Grecian bend of old. The treasury will be better off to the tune of a few dollars, and the feathers in the hats of the reformers of the gorgeous hue. All of which being gained, we suppose it don't matter if the deaf-mute pupils suffer; anybody is good and wise enough to teach them, and everybody should have a chance of course. By the way, Mr. J. H. Kennedy, a teacher, has been promoted to the charge of the educational department, and some gentleman, new to the business, installed as superintendent over all.

In Nebraska, Mr. R. H. Kinney, the principal, has retired, the trustees doubtless wanting somebody else. Mr. Kinney has been a hard and successful worker in that new State, and has always shown ability of a high order. It remains to be seen what sort of a man is to succeed him.

Mr. Jenkins has left the Arkansas Institution, and Professor Hammond, of Indiana, succeeds him as principal, to stay, we suppose and hope. The position of principal of an institution for the deaf is confessedly one of much importance, requiring special fitness. It is not competently filled till years of service have ripened the incumbent, nor is its vacancy supplied in a day unless for good and proper cause. We think it very poor policy to drive out a man, by one or more of the petty ways that are generally resorted to.

A HUNTING EXCURSION AND FEAST.

A few days ago a squirrel hunt was fixed upon by some of the young men of this village. Thursday, the 3d inst., was named for the day. Charles Dayton was chosen captain of one party and George Butler of the other. Each captain had 13 hunters, and the stakes were a game and oyster supper to be paid for by the side which should be defeated. Although designated as a squirrel hunt, as usual, the hunters were not confined to that particular game, but many other species were admitted in the count, a list being made up and the number which each kind of game admitted would count being specified.

"What did you say? We're deaf." She started in a loud voice and went through her rigmarole. When she had finished we went and got a roll of paper, and, making it into a speaking trumpet, placed it into our ear, and told her to proceed. She nearly broke a blood-vessel in her effort to make herself heard. She commenced:

"I am alone in this world—It doesn't make the slightest difference to us. We are a husband and a father. Bigamy is not allowed in this State. We are not eligible to proposals."

"Oh, what a fool the man is!" she said in a low tone, and then at the top of her voice, "I don't want to marry you; I want to sell-a-b-o-o-k."

This last sentence was howled.

"We don't want a cook," we remarked blandly; "our wife does the cooking, and she wouldn't allow as good-looking a woman as you to stay in the house five minutes. She is very jealous."

She looked at us in despair. Gathering her robes about her, giving us a glance of contempt, she exclaimed:

"I do believe if a three hundred pounder was let off alongside that deaf fool's head he'd think that somebody was knocking at the door."

You should have heard her slam the door when she went out. We heard that

For the cure of Erysipelas and other Blood diseases Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is worth its weight in gold. See the Doctor's advertisement for the purpose, it was initiated by a dance, |ment.

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

Ex-President Ulysses S. Grant has subscribed five hundred dollars for the relief of the yellow fever sufferers of the South.

A boiler in a steam saw-mill at Detroit exploded, killing Jesse Foreman, seriously injuring four others, and destroying the mill.

The entire business portion of Palestine, Tex., was destroyed on the 2d inst. by a fire which caused a loss of one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars.

The yellow fever, which at one time was supposed to be in check, still continues its terrible havoc in many of the cities and villages of the South, and a heavy frost is hoped for with the greatest anxiety.

Charles Crane, who was sentenced to three years in the State Prison, broke from the sheriff having him in charge, jumped from a train running thirty miles an hour, at Aurora, N. J., and escaped through the woods.

It is alleged that through the cashier, J. B. Calder, allowing three or four friends to overdraw or have funds, there is said to be a defalcation of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars in the Grocers' and Producers' Bank, a State institution, at Providence, R. I.

A serious outbreak is reported from the island of St. Croix. It is said that there is great destruction of property, and that several prominent whites have been murdered by negroes. The population of the island is about 33,000, a large portion of which is colored.

The new Continental Telegraph Company has opened its office in New York, and completed the laying of five wires between Jersey City and Philadelphia. Officers of the company say they will have independent lines to Boston, Cincinnati, and Chicago within a year.

The steamer United States arrived from Savannah at Boston on the 1st inst. When twenty miles south-east of Cape Romaine, September 26th, her crew saw the brig Thomas, from Charleston to Liverpool, on fire, and her crew were rescued and taken to Boston by the United States.

The opulent as well as others are subject to the closest scrutiny of the New York custom-house officers, and William Astor, who recently returned from Europe, has been sued by the Government to recover the amount of duty on certain wearing apparel contained in his baggage.

Wesley W. Bishop, accused of the murdering of his wife, and, conjointly with Mrs. Cobb, of killing Mr. Cobb, has confessed that he poisoned his wife by administering to her three grains of morphine. Connecticut is fast forcing her time-honored title of "The land of steady habits."

A Minnesota paper published an interesting account of a man who was struck dumb while defying the Almighty. A few days later the reputed dumb man called in to see the editor, and from the conversation which took place the latter was free to admit that the man was not as speechless as reported, and he now has but little faith in modern miracles.

The editor of the Santa Clara (California) Echo is happily deaf, and thus tells of his adventure with a female book agent (the book was not a female of course).

We thought everybody in the State knew we were deaf; but once in a while we find one who is not aware of the fact. A female book peddler came to the office the other day; she wished to dispose of a book. She was alone in this world, and had no one to whom she could turn for sympathy or assistance, hence we should buy her book. She was unmarried and had no manly heart into which she could pour her sufferings, therefore we ought to invest in a book. She had received liberal education, and we could not, in consequence, pay her less than two dollars for a book. We had listened attentively, and here broke in:

"What did you say? We're deaf." She started in a loud voice and went through her rigmarole. When she had finished we went and got a roll of paper, and, making it into a speaking trumpet, placed it into our ear, and told her to proceed. She nearly broke a blood-vessel in her effort to make herself heard. She commenced:

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Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

NOTES FROM PROF. JOHNSON TURNER.

ST. JOHN, Sept. 29, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER.—Yesterday I went over the river St. John to Castleton, a thriving suburb of the city of St. John, situated on the western side of the harbor, immediately opposite the city. It has a number of steam saw-mills. From Castleton heights a beautiful view is had of the city of St. John, the suspension bridge, lunatic asylum, the bay, and, on clear days, the shores of Nova Scotia. A steam ferry-boat maintains communication with the city every fifteen minutes. Castleton is the eastern terminus of the European and North American Railway, which ends at Bangor, Me.

In 1604 Champlain regarded himself as the first discoverer of the harbor of Saint John, and, in honor of the day, that of Saint John the Baptist, gave the river the name which it has ever since retained. At Carleton he found a collection of Indian wigwams, surrounded by a high palisade, or wooden wall. Afterwards a Jesuit father was found living there, and endeavoring to learn the language of the savages; perhaps in order to make Catholics of them.

In 1630 a French nobleman, Charles de La Tour, commenced building a fort at that place and called it Fort La Tour. It was two hundred feet square and had twenty-four mounted guns. He commanded it many years, and generally had two or three hundred soldiers under his command. He carried on a large trade with the Indians, buying as many as three thousand moose skins in a single year, besides large numbers of beaver.

In 1640, there arose violent differences between La Tour and Charnisay, who had a fort at Annapolis, N. B. Charnisay succeeded in having La Tour's authority revoked, and an order issued for his arrest, which La Tour treated with contempt.

In 1643 Charnisay attacked La Tour's fort with five ships and five hundred men, but the latter defeated him with aid which he had obtained from Boston.

In 1645 Charnisay took advantage of La Tour's absence to make another attack; but La Tour's heroic wife encouraged the garrison, and beat him off, and his ship was obliged to retire to the fort in a sinking condition. He, however, returned to La Tour's fort with a stronger force, and bombarded it from the land side, as General Scott bombarded the impregnable castle at Vera Cruz in the same way. For three days Lady La Tour kept him at bay, though her garrison were weak, but, on the fourth day, which was Easter Sunday, April 16th, 1645, while the garrison were at prayers, a treacherous sentinel opened the gate to the invaders. Lady La Tour courageously rallied her little band of fifty men against the enemy; but finally, to save further blood, surrendered to Charnisay, who cruelly hanged all the garrison except the brave lady. She was so much disengaged that she died in a few days, leaving an infant who was sent to France. Charnisay being drowned in the river, La Tour took possession of the fort again, and held it a long time. Strange to say, he married Charnisay's widow.

Allow me to say a little more about the deaf and dumb institution here.

Mr. Abell, the energetic principal, told me that his wife had gone to Montréal to see her sister, who was ill. He would have given me a warm welcome, but for not only her absence but also the unfinished condition of the institution. He said Mr. Woodbridge, the new successor of Scott Hutton, had entered upon his duties, as Principal of the Halifax Institution, and that he would look for two new teachers, all the old officers having resigned.

I have received my kind assurances from the Episcopal clergy that they will always be happy to have me come and hold services in the future.

I leave here for the United States to-night, to officiate in Augusta next Wednesday night and in Portland next Sunday afternoon.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN TURNER.

BANGOR, Me., Sept. 30, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER.—Last night I left St. John, sorrowful that I had not accomplished any good there, though I had received very kind assurances from the clergy that they would be glad to have me come and hold services with them in the future, as I stayed but a very short time.

I stopped over at Passadumkeag, very early this morning, and walked about four miles along the beautiful Penobscot to see my old friend, Mr. John Emerson, a deaf and dumb gentleman of very good acquirements whom I had not seen for many years. I took him by surprise, but he recognized me as soon as he saw me. He said he was very glad to give me a cordial welcome. I was much pleased to find that he had not changed much. He is pleasantly situated on a very fine farm of one hundred and fifty acres, on the Penobscot, from which are presented very fine views. The Katahdin Mountains can be seen from his house. He said that his house was planned by himself, and that it was framed on the 4th of July, 1862. He lives in his own house by himself—an old bachelor. I am afraid that he will be a confirmed hermit after a while. He says he likes farming, and indulges in literature at the same time. He once taught us about ten days during the illness, or absence, of our teacher. He has always been regarded as a good scholar and poet. He

showed me his library, and cabinet-case of minerals. He showed me a full-grown pear tree, which he called a monument to the memory of the silver-pitcher presentations to Gallaudet and Clerc, on the 26th of September, 1850. He told me that the tree had grown from a seed. He picked the pear near the American Asylum, ate it, and saved some seeds, which he planted at his house. The tree has grown from one of these seeds. He came near being killed by a bull last year. The bull gored him badly, and tried to crush his breast with his head. He is very fond of flowers, and knows a great many of them by name. He says he is third cousin to Ralph Waldo Emerson, the celebrated author.

This morning I took leave of him, and returned to the depot on foot. I was about starting for Bangor when I met Mr. Rowe, the Maine deaf-mute evangelist. I take the cars for Augusta, Me., in the morning.

Yours, &c.,
JOHN TURNER.

AUGUSTA, Me., Oct. 2, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER.—I am the guest of Rev. Samuel Upjohn, whose father was the architect of Trinity Church, New York city, and with whom I have, this evening, conducted a service before a good number of deaf-mutes, some of whom came from a distance.

I will give your readers a biographical sketch of each of them.

William M. Scopes, of this city, works in a large sash, window and door factory, and his pay, though reduced by the hard times, enables him to support his widowed mother and two sisters comfortably. What a dutiful son and affectionate brother he is to them! His boss told me that he was a good "boy." He has a deaf-mute sister, Mrs. Annie R. Larabee, whose maiden name was Annie R. Scopes. Mrs. Larabee is visiting here, but expects to join her husband in the upper country in a very short time.

Madison F. Sawtelle, of Sidney, Me., is a good farmer, living seven miles from this city. He takes the JOURNAL, and says he cannot do without it, as it is a pleasant companion for him in the solitary country. He is called a keen business man; that is he knows how to make money by raising and selling good horses, and the products of his farm, to take care of his elderly parents, who idolize him, and treat him with tender kindness. His father will leave him the farm when he dies. He enjoys single blessedness.

John Abbott lives on a farm nine miles from here. He is single. He makes tables, desks, &c., when he is not doing farm work. His house stands on a high hill, commanding a view of the surrounding country. He raises sheep, cattle, &c.

Philip Kendall, of Whitefield, is a farmer, residing about eight miles from here. His parents are aged.

Mrs. Anna Ellis, formerly Anna Marr, lives not far from here. Her husband, Frank Ellis, is out working as a carpenter. Her sister Hannah lives with her.

Ira Marr, of Augusta, complains that he cannot get work on account of hard times. He married a speaking girl.

Orin Lovejoy, of this county, lives in a small house, a hermit, without any company. He says he is happy.

Benjamin Lovejoy is a farmer, about ten miles from here. He has two deaf-mute daughters at the Hartford school, and a deaf and dumb son, 10 years old, at home.

Charles Folsom, of West Waterville, is a fine-looking young man. He is a carpenter.

All the above-named mutes, except Mr. Kendall, attended the service. I start for Portland to-morrow morning.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN TURNER.

BIDDEFORD, Me., Oct. 4, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER.—Duty it was that brought me hither yesterday for one day. Thankful I feel that my object was happily accomplished.

I have been making a very brief sojourn with Mr. and Mrs. John W. Page, who are so much interested in the welfare of this the Biddeford and Saco Mission, as are the other deaf-mutes of these cities.

I will now prepare for your paper a historical fact of this mission. It was established here on the 29th of April, 1874, through the instrumentality of Mr. William B. Swett, of Marblehead, Mass., whose uncle is Thomas Brown, Esq., the celebrated deaf-mute Cincinnati. It has been in existence four years, with the kind assistance of the good people of these places who love to practice charity, which is, I am inclined to believe, a characteristic of the people. This society was organized and Mr. Roscoe G. Page, a deaf-mute, now deceased, was its first president, which honor he enjoyed but one year, when consumption carried him off. A good Christian he was, for he always carried a small Bible in his pocket. He often said that it would be wrong for him to preach to deaf-mutes while he was not a member of any church; that is he remained unbaptized. The force of his conscience it was.

At the election of the second president he was present at the meeting, though he was almost too weak to walk; that is, he only tottered on his feet. The choice having gone to Mr. John W. Page, the retiring president exhorted all the members present to serve the Lord always, and said that he should not live long. Cool he must have been in this solemn trial. This event took place on Friday, the 18th of June, 1875. Among the members was Mr. William Martin Chamberlain, now a teacher in the deaf and dumb institution at Rome, N. Y., who officiated on the following Sunday. The retiring president could not attend the service on account of his poor health.

Mr. Chamberlain waited on him home, and left him there, I believe, never again to see him. The latter died a very calm death, in a short time. His good character and pleasant disposition had endeared him to all who knew him.

Mr. William Bailey officiated for this society about one year, since which time several deaf-mutes have done the same duty.

Since its formation, five of the members of this society have been summoned away, each of them dying a happy death, under the charge of Mrs. John W. Page, who had often taken pains to explain to them the way to be led to that blessed place, heaven. I will give their names as follows: Miss Matilda B. Bonnison, Miss Nancy Hamilton, William T. Lamont, Miss Nancy Small, and Mr. Roscoe G. Page, all graduates of the American Asylum. The first three of them expired within the walls of Mr. Page's house.

Roscoe G. Page was, I am told, once an inmate of the National Deaf-Mute College.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet has once conducted a service before this society.

I would like to write more, but I must steam off in a few minutes.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN TURNER.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 30, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—The college was re-opened with a game of base-ball, and so great was the interest in this national pastime that the first question asked of every new comer was "Is he a good player?" instead of "Is he smart?" But, in truth, there is material enough in the new students to make the Kendall Base Ball Club strong enough to recover its former reputation. We have at last what has been sorely needed in the club, a good catcher, who minds his own business, and does his duty without any attempt at showing off his skill. The outfield is complete now and the bases are well filled. The Kendalls are in high spirits over their newly acquired strength and full of confidence in their ability to compete successfully with any club in the city, except the Nationals. It is the addition of three members of the Independent Base Ball Club that has placed the club on so strong a footing. But methinks I hear some one exclaim "What do I care for baseball? tell us something more important than the skill of the students at playing ball?" So enough of this subject.

Herbert M. Mallick won a three-mile walking match during vacation.

The Reading Club has been dissolved by a majority vote of the members on account of that bone of contention, rule fifth. The room is locked up and left to solitude. Some of the students have clubbed together for the purpose of subscribing for papers.

Does it ever enter into the mind of the woman who complains of the borrowing propensities of her neighbors that the lenders are themselves in a great measure responsible for the borrowing? Certain it is that borrowers would soon "cease from the land" if there were no one found to encourage the thriftless habit. The habit of borrowing grows upon one as habits generally do, whether good or bad, and the woman who begins by borrowing an occasional drawing of tea, or a hank of thread, will soon ask you for your latest magazine, and that before the leaves are hardly cut, or your best table-cloth when she has "company," as coolly as though she thought you must feel it a privilege to lend them. Her table-cloths are always "in the wash" at such times. She is always forgetting to send to the store for tea, sugar, starch, and a dozen other things, and if they can they will arrange a match between the two.

On the 11th ult. George McEwen, a deaf-mute of Scotch blood, entertained the members of the society, with several droll stories told in an amusing manner.

In signs, half-natural and half-acquired from intercourse with others of his class, the stories were related with such a minuteness of description, and such an air of drollery, that it was almost as good as a pantomime, and we nearly rolled off our seats with laughter. Add to this the expression of humor and imagery in the whole bearing of the man, especially upon his countenance, and the effect was irresistible. McEwen is employed as a sailor on board one of the steamers belonging to the White Star Line, plying between New York and Liverpool. At the conclusion of speed and endurance next spring. The deaf-mutes of Boston want to know if the New Yorkers can produce a deaf-mute who can beat Mr. Gerry, and if they can they will arrange a match between the two.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., Sept. 28, 1878.
MY DEAR MR. RIDER.—Last Wednesday afternoon I bade good-bye to Portland, where I had arranged with Bishop Neely, of the Diocese of Maine, for holding a service, which I shall do at St. Luke's Cathedral, on the 6th of October, in which he seems greatly interested. He is the "right man in the right place" for deaf-mutes; that is he is as much interested in the spiritual welfare of such persons as he can be. He is a tall, fine-looking gentleman, with a sweet face. He told me that he wished he could understand our sign-language so as to be able to preach the word of God to us the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is. If he could use the signs as well as we can we would, no doubt, make a splendid preacher for deaf-mutes.

Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, can spell on his fingers as well as we do, and could make himself useful to such persons by preaching in the sign-language. He is an eloquent orator, and has been chosen commencement orator at the University of Virginia, next July, which was founded at Charlottesville, Va., about thirty-six miles from Staunton, by Thomas Jefferson, who once wished to attach a deaf and dumb department to the university, but his wish was killed by opposition.

In the evening I got off at Amherst, Me., for the night, merely to make arrangements for conducting a service there on my return, which is to be on Wednesday night, October 2d. During my short sojourn I called on William A. Scoville, his sister, Mrs. Annie R. Larabee, and John A. Crane, a graduate of the deaf-mute college, all of whom looked well, and with whom I had pleasant conversations. I advised Mr. Crane to form a Bible-class for deaf-mutes at once, as I regarded him well qualified, because he has received a collegiate education. I am in strong hopes that he may succeed in that noble work.

On Thursday evening I got on board the St. John express train, which left me at Bangor late at night. I did intend going on to Quebec the next day, but they told me that I ought to have started from Portland via the Grand Trunk Railway. Soon after it came into my mind that I had better come on to this city, which I decided at once to do.

On Friday afternoon I started for St. John, and stopped over at Mattawamkeag for the night, to see John A. Larabee, who gave me a cordial welcome though we had never seen each other before.

Yesterday I bade good-bye to the United States at Vanceboro, Me., a border town, entered this Dominion, and got here last night. After leaving Vanceboro the country looked very rocky, and the farms full of dead stumps for half the way, after which the nearer we approached this city the better cultivated the fields looked. On our approach the city presented a fine appearance.

St. John is the most populous city on the Atlantic coast. It is rapidly recovering from the disastrous fire of more than two years ago, and already shows many fine new buildings, while the work of rebuilding still goes steadily on. This enterprising city has a variety of attractions, among which may be specified the graceful suspension bridge across the river, below the falls. From here the traveler can make a pleasant trip by steamer up the St. John, a river of unsurpassing beauty, to Fredericton, the capital of the Province of New Brunswick, which has among its public buildings a cathedral of great beauty, finely located at the river's side. This morning, it being cold enough to form ice, I had recourse to my overcoat, for the first time, by daylight, for one year, which I did not need during my southern missionary trip. I walked a mile and a half to the deaf and dumb institution, where I was cordially received by its principal, Mr. Alfred H. Abell. I found him the "right man in the right place," under the circumstances which surround the institution. He said he founded the school in that city in 1873, and had at once 52 pupils in attendance, and over 40 other applications. The institution has had sixty pupils from various parts of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island since it was started, in 1873. It was burnt in the great fire of St. John, and there was no insurance on it. The principal was at that time absent on Prince Edward's Island. The terrible situation of the pupils must have been distressing. He said the school lost \$4,000. He is erecting a new building outside of the city, and says it will be ready for boarding pupils by the middle of November next, though it will not then be completed. He is having it plastered. I was shown over the new building and found it well planned and ventilated. The house is 42x36, with 3 stories, each 10 feet high, except the attic, which is 9 feet. There will be thirteen bed-rooms in the attic, 9x9 or 10 feet, each of which will accommodate one tall pupil or two small ones. He said he had a large sky-light made for a fire-escape in case of fire. He said he was using the kitchen, which was finished, as his dining and sleeping-room. The other rooms are now in the hands of the plasterers. The school-room, when completed, will be used as a study-room and chapel. He will make common desks for the school-room until he can get better ones. He says he will add a large kitchen to the house with his own hands, and the assistance of his pupils, who know the carpenter's trade pretty well. The land on which the institution stands contains 3½ acres more, reserved for Mr. Abell until he can pay for it. He of his town for fifty years.

says the house does not wholly belong to him, but partly so. He paid all for it out of his own means. I asked him if the institution was private or public, and he answered "half." He said that the parliament of New Brunswick only gave \$1,250, which was used to pay old debts, and he applied for \$500 more to start, but he found, unexpectedly, that the Government had applied for \$1,250. He has built his new house mostly out of his own means and out of the collections he and his agents are making. He says he cannot take as many as before, but about a fifth of the old number, till more funds allow him to receive more. He is a man of great energy and perseverance. He may well say "I will not give up the ship." I return to the United States to-morrow night. I would go on to Halifax, but my previous engagements order me to Augusta, Portland, and several important points. I have just begun my northern mission work in earnest.

Yours sincerely, JOSEPH TURNER.

PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 29, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—There have been some incidents in connection with this institution which have led me to write for the valuable and appreciated JOURNAL.

The institution was once more occupied by its former inmates on the 4th of September, 1878, and the number of pupils has increased very rapidly. The boys number one hundred and ninety-three, and the girls one hundred and twenty-three. Thirty two new boys and seventeen new girls have been admitted, and several of them are bright-looking. To please the new, male scholars, who, you know, often get homesick, one kind and gracious steward conducted them to the Permanent Exhibition in Fairmount Park, and the Zoological Gardens, and they expressed their ideas by some very curious signs. He also gave them a good ride on a steamer down the Delaware River, to Gloucester, N. J.

Miss Emma Garrett, of this city, was appointed as a new articulation teacher, in place of Prof. Edward B. Crane, who resigned the position last summer, after having been teaching here nearly two years, which seems very short. It is said he has left this country for Scotland. We may never see him again. Miss Garrett had studied "Visible Speech," in the School of Vocal Physiology, at Boston, Mass., seven months, and she understands the symbols used in Professor Bell's "Visible Speech" quite well. She entered upon her duties I think, on Monday, the 9th inst., and it is hoped that she can continue as a teacher as long as she likes. She is a sister of Miss Annie B. Garrett, an articulation instructor at the Central New York Institution. We have two articulation teachers: Miss Rebecca H. Cropper teaches the girls, and Miss Garrett the boys.

Mr. William Jenkins, has been appointed as a new teacher, to fill a vacancy and complete the corps of teachers. He came here last Tuesday morning and visited some, perhaps all, of the classes, I believe, in order to see how the deaf-mutes are taught here. He is acquainted with the sign-language, having been principal of the deaf and dumb institution in Arkansas, for two years. He is a good-looking gentleman, and the belief is that he will teach well. Last Wednesday he began to teach the class, entirely comprised of new boys, who were taught a few days ago by Mr. Joseph A. Roop, one of our prefects.

HOW HE OUTDID THEM.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, worked in an office as an errand boy for four gentlemen who did business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him:

"You never will amount to much—you never can do much business; you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them.

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you four gentlemen can do."

"Ah! What is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

Boys often think it does not make any difference how they live when they are young; that when they come to settle down as men they can leave all their wild ways and begin again. Whenever they stop doing wrong, they think they will be just the same as if they had always done right. But this is a great mistake. Everything a boy or man does helps to make him. Every boy should be careful not to fall into any habits he does not want to carry with him after he grows up, for he will find it very hard to throw them off. Whatever he would like to be when he becomes a man he should try to be while he is a boy.—Early Dawn.

WHAT SMOKING DOES FOR BOYS.

A certain doctor, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to enquire into the effect the habit had upon the general health.

He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them; in twenty-seven of them he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and more or less marked taste for strong drink. In twelve there were frequent bleeding of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days.

The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength was soon restored. Now, this is no "old wife's tale," as these facts are given under authority of the British Medical Journal.

AN INVESTMENT.—Mamma—"Well,

Tommy, what did Uncle Dives give you when you went to see him yesterday?" Tommy—"He gave me a beautiful bright new threepenny-piece!" Papa—"And what are you going to do with it?" Tommy—"I'm going to buy a purse to put it in."—Punch.

It is reported that Sitting Bull was lately badly, perhaps fatally, wounded in a quarrel with some of his chiefs.

A Maine man has been Postmaster

The Children's Corner.

A CALIFORNIA INCIDENT.

Mary Belle Low, scarcely fourteen years of age, is a shepherdess, whose rosy cheeks, sun-burnt face, and graceful form as she mounts her pony, would excite the envy of many city belles. Some days ago, while looking after her woolly wards, she discovered a full-grown wolf, of the coyote species, stealthily approaching the flock. She put her horse to his speed and the wolf fled. Then there was a race over the hills and prairie, neither showing any indication of fatigue, and finally he was compelled to consider himself "run down." Now came the "tag of war." The little maiden unbuckled her bridle rein, and with the ring at the end, and this only made good her position as mistress of the situation, and without alighting from her saddle, soon dislodged her foe and saved her lamb. Then she started for the nearest neighbor for assistance, but found no one at home who could assist her, save another girl, who mounted another pony, and, armed only with a dull knife, these two girls were soon galloping over the prairie to save the scalp, for which the county pays a "royalty" when presented to the proper officer. When they returned, the principal of the Red Riding Hood escapade had partially recovered and was moving off. But one girl threw him down, and the other cut his throat.

TRUE GENTLEMEN.

"I beg your pardon," and with a smile and a touch of his hat Harry Edmond handed to an old man, against whom he accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you; we were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit! not a bit!" said the old man, cheerily. "Boys will be boys, and it's best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it," and, lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join the playmate with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charley Gray. "He's only Giles, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether I am a gentleman, but whether I am one; and true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat, or hawks vegetables through the streets, instead of sitting in a counting-house." Which was right?

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NEXT DOOR.

About 9 o'clock yesterday morning a farmer-looking man entered a grocery store on Woodward avenue, having a jug in one hand, and he said to one of the clerks:

"I want two pounds of nails and—" "Next door," said the proprietor, motioning with his thumb.

The farmer entered the store next door, placed his jug on the counter, and said:

"I want a gallon of molasses and—"

"Next door," said the proprietor, motioning towards the grocery.

The farmer looked at him for a minute, and then went out and re-entered the other store. As the clerk came forward again the man with the jug in one hand, and he said to one of the clerks:

"I want a gallon of molasses and—"

"Next door," said the proprietor, motioning towards the grocery.

The farmer looked at him for a minute, and then went out and re-entered the other store. As the clerk came forward again the man with the jug in one hand, and he said to one of the clerks:

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